

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I lay away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. I ets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Have after: to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*:

Hora. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost,

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold,

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes. done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. O God!

Gho. Revenge his foule & most unnaturall

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is
But this most foule, strange and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings
As mediation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweepe to my revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the far weed
That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharfe,
Wouldst thou not stirre in this: now *Hamlet*
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of *Den*
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankely abused: but know thou, noble Youth
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule, my uncle

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous g
O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce! won to his shamelull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was th
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poo
To those of mine! but vertue, as it never will be
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heav
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within my Orchard
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre thy uncle stole